Dear Mary, 1/19/73

Several nights ago Lil turned to me and said, "What time does Mary get home?". I told her about when it would be if you went right home. I said I supposed you'd go directly home but had no way of knowing. That after getting home you used to go out for dinner, but generally close by. I knew what was on her mind, so I said, "Call her." She didn't, and I let it go at that because I know why she didn't, and it wasn't because she didn't want to.

Yesterday, when I read a long piece in the NYTimes on the acquittal of Garrett Brock Trapnell, I thought of you again (as I have on other occasions when I've wondered when I'll be able to return to writing). Because of your interest in this, I digress long enough to tell you that he got away with a Jekyll-Hyde defense that persuaded one juror to hang the jury. There is an investigation of this promised. It appears that the prosecutor did not know about or elected not to use the CD159 and CD461 stuff. I spoke to the Times reporter who wrote the story and gave him the citations and how to get those documents and of others that should exist.

I roused at 3 a.m. and could not go back to sleep. This has been Lil's affliction lately, not mine. As our situation gets progressively worse, which seems inevitable, I suppose this will be more common. In recent months I have gotten to where I can sleep 6 to 7 hours and at 60 am tired enough without less sleep.

How you react to your own bad situation, I don't know, nor do I know what is normal in such situations. I know that as I lay abed I thought of only unpleasant things, like where can I get some of the much money that is owed me and how can I when I can't even get a lawyer. And what will happen if I don't. And how a famous lawyer who once represented us in our damage suit against the government, according to it, let the statute run on most of what should have been an automatic collection, or as close to it as there can be in legal matters. Then you came into my mind, and as I made coffee I decided that I would write you first of the things I'll do until time to wake Lil.

If I have offended you, it was not my intention. I find it difficult to believe that anything else accounts for your long silence or your failure to return what I'd asked you to send after the Xmas mail rush was over. Neither of these things is like you and, knowing the inner toughness you have had for so many years, I can't tell myself that with all these new troubles, serious as they are, you have come apart.

If it was my letter to Arch, I'm sorry. As I recall it, there is nothing I said that I would not now. We have been abused by those of wealth and pretensions, and almost without exception, they have been a cost to us, from the waste of time I can't spare to the waste of money I will probably owe now as long as I live. None has been reluctant to call upon me, none has ever paid me back my costs (although a number have also paid others for their time), and thus I become a villain. Each time there is a dispute and I turn out to be right, I am more dislike for it. There is nothing I can do about such things or such people except detach myself. and if it is too late, I have.

Arch never responded to me. He sent Bud a copy of the entire letter or of the bottom of the first page. Bud xeroxed that, added a patronizing note at the bottom that was no more than the distortion of his own mind in a childish effort at self-justification, and sent it to me. Of all the indelicate things, it said how hard it is to make friends and how easy to lose them. This to a man whose curse is "friends"? And from one with his record? I responded, made a copy for you, but decided not to send it fearing it would only trouble you. I think I sent Arch a copy or wrote him. Neither has had a word to say since and I suppose each comforts himself with some kind of self-righteousness.

If I had been paid at secretary's rate for the time I've spent for these "friends", the desparation of our situation would be relieved for several years. If I had the cash they have cost me, I suppose that would carry us about a year. Friends, indeed! With such, who needs enemies? Aside from you, in all these years of all these guests and "friends", some of whom bring others for us to feed, there is but one other who has thought that we didn't have even the money for those groceries. For this reason also we feel differently about you.

In any event, I'm sorry if you've taken something I've done or said other than I intended. I write to say this and to ask again that you please return the files we have

had for several months more than a year. I would like to be able to return to writing, I might want to use them in it, and I do want to read them, something I've never had time to do. I let you have them when I got them, without having the time to read them.

There is another such file I've had for a long time and not been able to read. It is the psychological evaluation of LHO and is of such a character it should be enough to get shrinkery outlawed. Otherwise, as far as I've gone it it - and it is thick - it appears to be valueless. The shrinks were so bad some of the staff argued against their "reasoning", especially the guy who wrote the study of those who had threatened Presidents. Keeping this secret, the staff then assumed the accuracy of what they had argued against.

Because it is clear you desire no contact, I'll bring you up to date on one other thing and then say "goodbye". Howard was here last week. For his own reasons he went over my Cyril file. He was as astounded as I at what he learned, that I had started cautioning Cyril as far back as 1968, with each change in the situation and the state of my and our knowledge, which I'd forgotten. It is also clear that at a certain meaningful date the nature of what Cyril wrote changed abruptly, forecasting his subsequent conduct. However, I was foolish and trusted him. People have been sening me his stupidities, each more rabid that what preceeded. I have a thick file of them, too. I gather that now that it is too late, Bud and even Bob Smith are also disenchanted about what ranges from Cyril and money to the things he has said.

The last I heard from Sylvia was that self-defemation of an inordinately good mind, the letter she sent Ed Williams. I gather from the copy she sent me that it was her round-robin self-justification. The veils was rather thin. I answered.

Gary, who is perhaps the greatest disappointment to us, has been silent since sending me what I sent you, his Archives letter than amounts to what he did not recognize in it, self-condemnation. Thereafter, as I thought about that whole incredible thing, I got an idea and did some checking. It turns out that the man he sent to me, Ned, is on the board of directors of a CIA foundation. I suggested to Gary that he look into this. When he was silent and I got some copying paper for the first time in several months, I sent him photocopies. He has been silent. Ned serves on this board with a man he used on Marshall, one who in the government was a CIA whitewasher, Katzenbach. He also bears responsibility for much of what concerns us. Check The Invisible Government if you've forgotten, as I had.

Jerry, it seems, took more of my files than I knew. This emerges from several things. When he finally got around to returning my foundations file, he had several others with it and many ends and ends from files not even identified when he took them. This includes personal things and that makes me wonder. He still has, I suppose, some of my missing files and pictures. That he had the pictures I learned only when I suggested to Lesar that he get Jerry to get some from Sprague when Lesar wanted them for the Ray petition. Of these pictures, Jerry then sent Jim only those Jim asked for, which was not the full sets.

From Garrison, silence. It will take acts of God to keep him from being convicted in a couple of months and to save those who tried to help him from the civil suit. If they depend on him, they are lost, and they are the real target. He has no money.

I'd appreciate it if you would please send me the files now, without my having to ask for them again.

From Hoch I've heard nothing for months.

We do hope things are going as well for you and yours as is possible under the circumstances. I'm sure it is in Lil's mind, although she doesn't know him. In any event, I hope that Buck comes out of his special troubles and becomes what he was.

Best wishes,